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CONTENTS.

Special Notices.—Our Plan of Campaign.—The "Herald of Mercy" on the Seine.—Letter from M. Sainton.—Letter from Rev. R. Saillens.—Here and There in France.—The Missionary Conference.—The Origin and Progress of the Sunday Schools of the McAll Mission.—The McAll May Meeting.—Resolutions.—Publications.—Officers.—Receipts.—Forms of Bequest.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

All communications relating to the support of Stations, or any other special work in France, should be addressed to the President, Mrs. Mariné J. Chase, 1624 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

All remittances, except those for literature, should be payable to Miss Frances Lea, Treasurer, 1624 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

 All remittances for literature should be made payable to THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION and addressed to Mrs. J. C. Bracq, Room 21, 1710 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

All orders for literature and all general correspondence should be addressed to Mrs. J. C. Bracq, General Secretary, at the Bureau of the American McAll Association, Room 21, 1710 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Communications to the Rev. J. C. Bracq, Representative Secretary, should be addressed to the Bureau as above.

The charming story by Mrs. Louise Seymore Houghton, entitled "Fifine, a Story of the McAll Mission," is now ready. We have published a new edition containing a supplementary chapter, which brings down the history of Fifine and her friends, as well as the Mission, to the present time. We should be glad to see this book in many homes and Sunday-school libraries before Christmas. Who will help us? (See Publications, page 29.)

Let it not be forgotten that all regular subscriptions to the RECORD expire with this number. All orders for renewal should be sent to the General Secretary before December 15.

Miss Anna E. Johnson, of Bryn Mawr, Pa., has recently sailed for Paris to become a worker in the Mission. Her services, freely offered, will be very valuable at this time, when the need of more money and more helpers was never more pressing.

We are happy to announce the organization of our seventy-second Auxiliary at Bridgeton, N. J.

OUR PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

With October our year of effort opens. It is true that our fiscal year opens—or at least it closes—in the spring; but after the annual report has gone up to the annual meeting, after the annual meeting has cheered and warmed the delegates with a new interest in and enthusiasm for our work, there is time for little more than mutual congratulations before the summer holiday scatters our members, and work is laid aside.

But in October we come together again, meaning *work*, and, it is to be hoped, meaning better and more successful work than we have ever yet done.

What was that Dr. Storrs said at our meeting in Boston last April? Let us take it for the motto of our effort this next year. "I saw that last year the amount transmitted to France by this Association in this country was \$31,000. [That was 1888; we all know it was \$35,000 in 1889.] "Why," he exclaimed, "it ought to be five times that this year, and ten times that next year; and we ought not to be contented with any thing else!"

Now there is nothing so discouraging, as we all know, as too high a standard, and some of our Auxiliaries may perhaps feel paralyzed at the mere suggestion of a contribution of \$150,000 in one year. Yet consider that this suggestion comes, not from an impractical enthusiast, but from the president of one of the largest missionary organizations in this country, a man who must know something of ways and means, something of the difficulties of raising money, and who, from that point of view of his which sweeps over the religious needs of the whole world, must know what he is saying, when he goes on to affirm, "There is not a point of social movement, of religious teaching, of gospel propagation on the face of the earth, to which a hundred, two hundred thousand dollars could be better given this year than to France." If this is

the case, if there is such hope of reward in our effort, ought we not to rouse ourselves with delight to this task of increasing our contributions even five fold?

But how? Surely not by asking a quintriple subscription from those who are already giving all they ought to give? No, but by increasing the number of subscribers. This seems an onerous and often a thankless task. "Begging," even for such a cause, is an undignified, and it would seem an unsuitable, process. Let us look into the method pursued by a church which is the largest contributor to one of the largest of our Auxiliaries. It may furnish us a hint of methods.

The pastor, to begin with, is thoroughly in sympathy with our cause, and with his consent the collectors are furnished with a list of members of the church and congregation. The list is distributed, and once a year a collector calls at each door, leaving with the servant or mistress a collection book with a leaflet, which briefly gives the history and purpose of the Mission and the Association, together with the personal card of the collector, and the date upon which the book will be called for. No undue pressure, it will be seen, is put upon her from whom a subscription is asked, nor is the dignity either of the collector or of the cause compromised.

It all resolves itself into a question of *knowledge* and of *opportunity*. Again and again the collector, on her second call, is asked to come in and explain more in detail the workings of the Mission, and here she finds our RECORD of the greatest use; but if no interest has been aroused, or no ability to subscribe exists, the collector simply receives her book and goes her way, leaving the case to the possibilities of another year, or to such interest as may be awakened by the special efforts in the way of meetings and public appeals of the coming season.

Is not some modification of this plan feasible in every Auxiliary, large and small? Will not our collectors make

trial of it? Let us take heart and impulse from Dr. Beard's words as spoken at our April meeting. "This work was begun in sacrifice. It was a sacrificial mission. It has been from its beginning a sacrificial mission, . . . and it was never better directed or more hopeful at any period of its history than it is now."

It is with the greatest regret that we announce to our readers that Dr. de Pressensé has undergone a painful operation upon the throat resulting in the loss of his voice. May God long spare this useful servant of Christ, one of the noblest spirits of Europe.

The Hall *Rivoli*, formerly used by atheists, a very large hall in a conspicuous quarter, is now used for Gospel meetings every night. Mrs. Dodds says, "I was present on a Monday, Pastor Décoppet's regular night. He got down from the platform, and walked up and down in front of the people, at his ease, giving practical hits upon domestic matters and on politics, and home thrusts about their faults, their sins, getting near to them on their human side, and then presenting Christ as a cure for all sin and woe, the audience bending forward to catch every word, occasionally laughing at some clever hit, then hushed not to lose a word. Among the poorest and lowest, I have heard prayers poured out, which I am sure would reach heaven, and bring down a blessing. . . . In the McAll Mission alone (and there are others beside), there are forty little centers of Christian faith and influence in and around Paris. There is a very marked missionary spirit among the converts. All this forces upon us the hope, almost the conviction, that the Lord has a purpose of mercy, not only to a few called ones throughout France, but a purpose of mercy to France as a nation, in the same sense as to Scotland in the days of John Knox." Let us all pray for France.—
From the "National Baptist," Sept. 11.

THE "HERALD OF MERCY" ON THE SEINE.

[*Abridged from the McAll Mission Quarterly.*]

The "Herald of Mercy," owned by Mr. Henry Cook, of England, "the seaman's friend," has, in past years, visited seaport towns on the northern and western coasts of France, carrying the gospel message to many places where successful McAll halls were subsequently established. This summer it was again loaned by Mr. Cook to the McAll Mission. Never before did this—not Salvation Army, but Salvation Navy, as the newspapers call it—attempt to take Paris by storm, nor dare to cast anchor and hoist flag just below the *Pont de la Concorde*. The services began on the 26th of May and continued seven weeks. The cabin, which seats 200 people, was soon filled twice a day, and it became necessary to hold three meetings in the afternoon and one each evening. The people would often sit through all the afternoon meetings—for three hours—without leaving their seats, people of both sexes, rooted to the spot. These hungry and thirsty souls are mostly *men*—men of all classes. The other night, between eight and half-past eight, I counted seventy men to thirteen women. One quite young man, with a bright face, sat in his place from half-past two to six, and again he sat from eight to nine, magnetized, as it were, by what he was hearing. Anything like steadiness of attention did not of course come all at once. At the first there was a great deal of coming and going, sometimes of staring and laughing; some were amused at the faint, sickly swing of the boat as other vessels passed it. Some found the steep companion ladder ridiculous—"It is only fit for English people," they said. Then some tried to join in the hymns, and sang out of tune, amusing the others. Some come only from curiosity, which being satisfied, they retire, never to return. In short, the meetings on the boat

began exactly as Mr. McAll's first meetings in 1872 began. If any one wants to stand again, in imagination, at the cradle of the Mission, let him come there. The same curiosity, the same criticism, the same bewildered questions, the same falling off of wayside hearers, the same wondrous process of selection by which others stay, and return, and listen, and wonder, and often receive life for their souls; and how some of them sing now—with all their hearts!

Poor souls! How I like to look at their faces. They do not yet know what it all means. The new thoughts make a confusion along with the old in the poor heads; a confusion which I believe none of us can fully understand, unless we have ever had occasion to try to grasp with our mind ideas which at one time seemed incredible or heretical. If we have, we know then how dim the twilight, how confused the groping. One cannot urge them to be converted. One must first explain to them what it is to be converted; nay, one must first awaken in them the sense that there is anything amiss with them.

The people gladly welcome tracts. Frequently a tract is given back with the remark, "I have read that before, please give me another."

It is a most interesting sight to watch the crowds on the boat, and to hear the curious remarks, such as, "The *amélioration* of the soul; it is a good thing!" The general conclusion by those that do not know our work is that it is the Protestants that have got it up, and of course it must be a good thing.

The French papers have already given us lengthy advertisements for nothing. Advertisements are expensive in France. With what gold should we have bought a column and a half of the *Figaro*? The truth is that all the French papers have been talking about our *Bon Messager*. Under some such title as *Le bon Dieu sur l'eau—La religion à*

voiles—*Une chapelle flottante*, they give a piece of clever and not ill-natured banter, and sometimes of not too inaccurate description, which no doubt helps to send hundreds on board.

Le Monde Illustré had some capital comic sketches the other day. The crowd pressing down *en queue*,—the saloon filled with people,—the lady open-mouthed at the harmonium,—the orator keeping time with his hymn-book—more violently certainly than we remember ever to have seen him do—were all represented. Even the texts can be deciphered in full in the pictures. *Le Monde* has made a mistake, however, in giving us too many old ladies in the front seats. But that may be passed over. We are thoroughly grateful to it, and to its contemporaries.

The *Rappel* says:—

“A yacht is moored below the *Pont de la Concorde*. To its masts is attached a large ensign, white on a blue ground, ‘Evangelical meetings every day, free entry.’ A fixed gangway gives access to the yacht; by a steep staircase we reach the cabin, transformed into a meeting-hall. A dignified English lady, a little leather bag hanging on her arm, gives you a red book. The title is ‘Popular Hymns.’ You are warned by a notice on the cover that the book is not for you. Comfort yourself,—you will get other presents! There are tracts for all tastes.” But—enough. The speakers and players are in turn described or caricatured. The singing and reading is carefully described, then the address by M. Mabboux. Then it is naïvely remarked, “The meeting is closed with a prayer which must be said with the eyes shut.” For, to close the eyes during prayer, strikes these people as a new and peculiar action.

The *Figaro* describes the steep ladder, and says: “The hall might contain about 200 persons. It is a meeting hall, with a reading-desk at one end; wooden benches arranged in order, and all round the walls are little sentences

setting forth the advantages of having to do with God (*Commerce avec Dieu*) such as—'God is your refuge.' 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' etc. These go all along the cabin, in French and English. I embarked the other day in this little ship, I can assure you it was well worth the voyage. In passing out, kind young men present you with printed papers, written with a view to do one good. Like every one else, I took away about half a dozen, and believe they have done me much good. Many people would never dream of entering a church on *terra firma*, but they find it a pleasure to pass the Sunday afternoon on board the boat where, without spending a sou, one can imagine one-self having a sail, or being sea-sick, which is the essential part of it."

They get good speaking on the boat, and they get plain-speaking too. I am often astonished at the rich vein of eloquence we possess in the Mission. These Frenchmen make a noble use of a noble language. Some have come from the country to help, as Mabboux, Vernier, and Sainton. When possible, four or five take turns in the course of the afternoon. And they rise to the occasion. The best give their best here. I suppose the sight of those wistful faces appeals to them, and they 'stir up their gift.' What the people get is the simple Gospel, suited to their needs. Christ is exalted, as Saviour and as King of kings.

The captain is a true, kind-hearted Englishman. He does not know a word of French, but he prays for these people. I am often sorry he cannot speak to them. There are great opportunities for personal dealing, but, as usual, we are short-handed. The *bateau* will be gone before the appeal can reach you, "Come over and help us." Yet the hungry multitudes will be still and always there.

"When He saw the multitudes He had compassion on them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd."

LETTER FROM M. SAINTON.

Though rather late, at the request of some of our kind friends, I add my testimony to the work of the Missionary Boat in Paris.

The audiences at our meetings were very miscellaneous, from the fine consequential ladies and gentlemen to the street urchins. But with few exceptions, after the first surprise was over, our listeners were respectful, attentive, and even sympathetic. We have ascertained that we have reached by these meetings on the boat a new contingent in the midst of Parisian society, till then, strangers to the Gospel. Had this been the only result of our meetings it would have been a true success, for is it not an important work to obey the last command of our Master, "Preach the Gospel to every creature"! We can now say that God's work has been begun in many hearts,—a work which, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, will penetrate to the very depths of their ruin from whence they will contemplate the greatness of the sacrifice of Jesus Christ. Let me now give some examples.

One day a young man respectably dressed, having a fine open countenance, said to me, "For several days I have been without work, my savings permitting me to wait and look out for a good situation, meanwhile I am profiting by your good conferences where I am glad to hear, in regard to religion, things which are quite new to me, and which I wish to know more about." Since then I have seen that young man several times at our evening meetings, and he has become one of our regular attendants.

Another young man whom I had noticed at different times, and who always appeared most serious, said to me in reply to a question, "Yes, sir, I begin to understand that what you say is the truth." Later on I spoke to him again, and he said, "Yes, I believe in Jesus Christ, and I want to live according to the Gospel, and not only that," added he

with as much seriousness as naïve simplicity, "but I am eager myself to preach like you; I should like to be an evangelist." This young man has become a regular attendant at our meetings, and is much attached to them. Who can tell if, when his faith is more firmly grounded, his vocation affirmed—he may not become a fellow-worker, and an evangelist in our "*Mission Populaire.*"

Another day I remarked a third young man who came at first with a smile on his lips, accompanied by some of his companions. By degrees his expression changed; after two or three meetings his companions ceased to attend, and he returned alone. He always sat in the same place, sang and listened most earnestly. I asked him one day in what state he was spiritually. He could not answer me, but I felt the Holy Spirit was working in his heart. He told me that since coming to our meetings he had ventured into a Protestant Church in his neighborhood, and that the simplicity and beauty of our religion had made a great impression on him. I gave him the address of the hall in his neighborhood, and he said he would certainly frequent the meetings there.

Another time a gentleman, a merchant from the provinces, waited for me at the door. That day we had to some extent touched on controversy on the subject of confession of sins. "It is the first time," said this gentleman to me, "that I have been present at your meetings, and I wish to tell you with how much interest I have listened to you and your colleagues, but I should have liked to see our Catholic priests defend their doctrines, and to know what you would have replied to them." "If the priests," said I, "do not accept the Word of God as the ground of discussion we would not argue with them, for God has not given any other foundation for our faith or the doctrines of truth; if, on the contrary, they accept it, all discussion is quickly settled, for not only can they not base the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church

on the Word of God, but they have against them numerous and striking verses, which clearly and absolutely condemn them." There ensued a most interesting conversation between us, which terminated by this declaration from the merchant: "I have had religious feelings ever since I was a child. From my youth I have rejected certain ordinances of my church without abandoning the faith, and I see to-day that at heart I am much more Protestant than Catholic." Unfortunately, I did not think of taking his address, and I have not seen him again. These testimonies will suffice to show that we have not sown in vain by the wayside, among the passing crowd.

The work accomplished in many beyond our knowledge is certainly considerable, and we realize the sure promise of our God, that "His word shall not return to Him void," but that it will give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; instead of the thorn shall spring up the myrtle; the desert shall flourish, and the mountains shall echo with songs of joy, to proclaim the glorious name of the Lord.

We hope soon to have a *Bateau Missionnaire* which will remain in France. Already an appeal has appeared in the *Christian* which has obtained some return. A few hundred pounds more, and the salvation boat, built, equipped, and superbly adapted for its work, will carry along our shores and to our inland towns, the glorious message of the Gospel of peace. I cannot finish this long letter without taking advantage of the opportunity to convey to our brothers and sisters on the other side of the ocean our warm thanks and gratitude for all they have done for, and in favor of, our nation. "*Merci.*" Continue your prayers and sympathies. In the last days you shall see the ripening of the harvest, and under your eyes many precious sheaves will be gathered into the heavenly, the celestial garner.

LETTER FROM REV. R. SAILLENS

TO THE LADIES OF THE

AUXILIARY COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION,
PHILADELPHIA.

Dear Ladies and Sisters in Christ :

. . . Though the day of small things is not past, yet the work done here is far from being insignificant. Apart from these results which are the only ones we aim at—the conversion of souls, and their dedication to God's service—a great deal is done by our agencies to dispel ignorance, to win the respect of the people for our Gospel and our Lord, to check Roman Catholic progress, as well as infidelity. No doubt much of the effort put out by the Romish clergy lately, in order to reach their wandering sheep, is due to a fear of successful competition on the part of Protestants. As a token of the feelings produced by our Mission, here is a letter addressed to Dr. McAll by an unconverted man, a Roman Catholic by birth.

“SIR.—The good you are doing to my country fills me with enthusiasm and gratitude. Your Mission seems providential to me. So many misunderstandings exist in France between Catholicism and the people, that one can no more hope that religion to assume its past influence. It has unhappily lost touch with the masses. Your organization is in touch with them; you teach them the belief in God and a future life, which were not taught any more. You have against you no prejudice, and you have for you the *vacuum* produced by the loss of Catholic influence on the population of cities, and the need of belief. You came at the right time, after the war, when the government became neutral in religious matters. You shall succeed. Never at any time has this country been riper for this thing, which might be your motto: *A free belief.*”

“ Excuse, sir, these ramblings, but there are truths which are so plain that one wants to proclaim them. And if I have allowed myself to give you my opinion, it is because I believe it to be that of the majority of my countrymen ; and it will be all the less suspicious to you, as it comes from one who has been brought up in a spirit rather unfavorable to Protestantism—a thing very natural in France—and from one who is a stranger to your work.

“ Please believe, sir, in my respect and admiration.

“ EDOUARD LE BLANC.

“ P. S.—Enclosed, a P. O. O. for 5 francs, for your Mission.”

I have no doubt the feeling of the writer is that of many, though, perhaps, he goes too far yet in speaking of “ the majority”. . . .

I have met with much encouragement in carrying out my scheme of a Mission Church in the new hall of *Rue St. Denis*. Impressed as I was, after sixteen years' experience in evangelical work, that the thing needed was the gathering together of the converts under some banner or other (provided they form a true association of believers for mutual improvement, obedience to the Lord's ordinances and devotion to His service), I could not but act according to my convictions, though I was fully aware of the difficulties connected with the undertaking, and I am glad to report, after a fifteen months' experiment, that the difficulties were not insuperable, and are not to be compared with the advantages. The Mission Church is entirely independent of the Mission, but it is made up of its converts, and it aims at *supporting the Mission*, instead of being supported by it. The number of the members is now 50, and their contributions during the year have amounted to 1,500 francs, an average of 30 francs per member (6 dollars). Most of them are poor ; only 2 or 3 are well-to-do people.

Much of the service of the hall in which the McAll Mission holds nightly service is done by them.

In a small apartment at *Montmartre* you might have seen, a few days ago, living in perfect contentment, an old woman and her son. The woman is 75 years old, and her son was about 50; both had lost their partners in life, and they were everything to each other. Though he might have been a grandfather, the son was as dutiful, as submissive to his old mother, as when he was a boy. I suppose in no other country is the parental tie so strong as it is in France. They sometimes attended together our *Salle Boulevard Barbès*, but oftener the woman would be seen alone, for her son was a cab-driver and seldom returned home before 11 P. M. Madame P——, though a Roman Catholic, has become a true Christian, and has lately joined our little Church *Rue St. Denis*. Her son—poor fellow!—had no Sundays, but when he knew his mother's purpose, he said: "Well done, *la mère*, were I master of my time I would not hesitate to do the same." "Every night," says the old lady, "I used to sit up in my bed waiting for his return, and when he came in he would say, 'Are you asleep, mother?' 'No, my son; you know I always wait for you.' 'Then, mother, I shall read you a chapter and you will make the prayer.'" And after reverently reading the Word of God, the sturdy man would kneel down by his mother's bed and listen to her petitions. "And now," would he say sometimes, "I am going to sleep like a child."

But, lately the son was taken ill; an operation became necessary, of such a nature that it could not be performed conveniently in his house. So he resolved to go to the neighboring hospital, *Lariborsière*. "See mother," he said, when he had been put comfortably in one of the beds of the hospital, "we shall not be far from each other. From this place I can see the window of your room. At night you will see the gas light burning near by bed. When you come

to-morrow, mind and bring me a New Testament. I want to read it here, it will help me to pass through this dreadful affair."

Madame P—— went home, and spent that day in solitude. As soon as she was permitted, she was by her son's side in the morning. "I did not bring you a Testament, as I have only my big Bible and a small Gospel in small type, but here is a nice book for you," she said, showing him a copy of "*The Way to God*," one of Mr. Moody's books, which I translated a few years ago, and which is now widely circulated.

The poor mother had to go, and the operation took place. She would only be allowed to see her son the next day. "I spent part of the night," she says, "looking through my window at that other gas light, which, I knew, was burning by my son's bedside. How is he now? How I prayed to God that he might get well again, and that he might close my eyes by and bye. When morning came I felt as light as a butterfly; I hastened to arrange his bed, to fix up his room, to make it as pretty as I could, for it was understood that, the operation over, he should come back to his own home. And when all was ready, and I was about to leave the house, I heard a knock, and a man came in with an awful looking paper, and I was summoned to go at once, my son having died at four in the morning—the very moment, perhaps, I was praying, and looking toward that gas light that never ceased to burn."

The good woman, in telling us that sad tale, was crying softly, but she wiped away her tears; "I know it is for the best," she added, "I have submitted to God. My son is in Heaven, and in a little while I shall meet him there."

Yes, she will. The man has never joined a church on earth, never sat down to the Lord's Supper; he has driven his cab on Sundays, poor fellow, and all the days of the week,

too, till death has come for him. But, imperfect as such Christianity is, he believed in Christ, he confessed his sins, he trusted God to save him. It is enough, he is in Heaven. As for his mother, notwithstanding her great sorrow, we have no more cheerful member in our little assembly. The trial, I feel sure, will be for her a cause of progress, and true consecration to the service of the Master.

Now, dear ladies and sisters in Christ, I am afraid to weary you, and I close. Not without renewing my thanks to you, and calling upon you, as solemnly as a man can do whom the Lord has called back from the gate of death, and who means to give to His service *every minute* of the time mercifully granted to him, to pray, to pray much for this land. The greatest power does not lie in oratory, nor even in money, it lies in *prayer*. Oh, for an outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon the French churches, and upon the people! What a joy it will be when we shall have to write, yea, even to cable across the ocean: "The great blessing has come! thousands are born in a day!" That time will arrive, surely: meanwhile, like Moses of old, stretch your hands up to Heaven without ceasing.

I am, dear and honored friends,
Respectfully and fully yours in God's service,

R. SAILLENS.

M. Monod, with regard to France, says he adopts very much the words of one of his best colporteurs: "It seems to me superstition is not so general as it was, and that what people call the 'Protestant faith' is honored by many Roman Catholics, who ten years ago felt nothing but a bitter hatred against the Gospel and the Scriptures which we colporteurs circulate. Blessed be the Lord for that! Those times are gone, and the light of the Gospel seems to spread. The Lord gives me new openings, and I must hasten to meet them."

HERE AND THERE IN FRANCE.

BORDEAUX.

M. Ch. Chaines : " I am happy to be able to say that we feel to-day beyond any doubt that the Spirit of God is in our work. We have already the first fruits of the harvest, for recently we have had several conversions, and we have noticed in our visits that the work of God is going on in many hearts. This applies to the adult meetings, but the mothers' meetings and the children's meetings have also made progress. I think that the success in the children's meetings is largely due to the generosity of our American friends who are sending us beautiful pictures to interest the children."

MARSEILLES.

M. Lenoir : " We are praying each day for a spirit of revival in our midst. Two or three of us have for five months held a daily prayer-meeting at 1.30 P. M., to ask God for an outpouring of His Spirit. Four young girls belonging to our volunteer corps, two of whom come from Roman Catholic families in Corsica, opened last year two new children's meetings, one in the open air in a miserable rag-pickers' court, the other in a kitchen in a thickly populated district. The attendance is eighty. A little girl of eleven years who was converted in one of our Thursday schools died recently under the most touching circumstances. The family seeing the child very sick, asked one of the pastors of the Reformed Church to visit her. Struck by the joy and the confidence of this child in the presence of death, he said to the mother : " Does your little girl realize the gravity of her condition ? " The mother replied, " Yes, and so well that this morning she called her little brothers and sisters around her bed and divided among them her playthings, urging them to follow always in the " good way " as their father had done." Each time that the

pastor spoke to her of God the child appeared nearly insensible, but the moment that he pronounced the name of Jesus, she repeated in accents of the greatest joy, "O Jesus! how happy I am to go to my Saviour."

Our pastors speak two, three, and four times a month, and the students from the School of Evangelization one, two, and three times. Then we have five or six lay speakers who help us."

AJACCIO, CORSICA.

M. A. P. Billot: "On the 21st of April, the peasants from the neighborhood of Ajaccio having come down from the mountains to welcome the President of the Republic, gathered around me and my friend to receive New Testaments. I preached Christ in the open air, and from two o'clock in the afternoon to nine in the evening we had distributed 3,000 tracts. 'We will read all these at home,' said the mountaineers, 'we know this is the true religion.' Yes, we are far from the time when the preacher was welcomed by pistol shots. It is certain that we are becoming known, that reflections, little favorable to Catholicism, are often made, and that those who have reviled us are beginning to be anxious on account of 'the terrible Protestant propaganda.' We pay little heed to this. To win souls to Christ is our work, our sole, our true ambition. But we have need of good workers. We need an agent for the country—yes, two, three! What can one man alone accomplish in this vast field? Will not there be found one Christian who will have at heart the advancement of the reign of God in Corsica."

CALAIS.

M. H. Brun: "The Gospel has free access in the hearts of the French people, but it is necessary to uproot a mass of errors, and to accomplish this one must exercise great patience and perseverance.

Please thank most warmly our American friends for their sympathy for France, and tell them that if the results of their gifts do not make so much noise as the Tower of Eiffel, it is because we are still at work upon the foundation; by and by the edifice will ascend in all its splendor."

THE MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

June 8, 1890.

The grand finale of the Mission Conference was what might be called "A Mass Meeting," or General Demonstration of the helpers and adherents of the McAll Mission—"The People's Mission," as the French love to call it (*Mission Populaire*). And the people it was who mostly filled every nook and corner of that vast church of "The Oratoire." Had the ghost of Louis Quatorze been able to look down from the royal box as of yore, he might well have wailed out, like one of the ancient gods of Greece, when, according to the old legend, they vanished before The Christ—"Evohe"—Let us go! The new faith is too strong for us! The statue of Coligny without; the people's Mission within!

It was a pleasant meeting, for every face was friendly, every one trying to make a little more room for his neighbor. None of us seemed strangers to one another. Were we not all one great family, and did not the revered father of us all sit on the platform in the person of Mr. McAll?

Who were these people? Think of their history, and what they would have been but for the Mission. People there were from the slums of the city, who, for such a grand occasion, had hired bonnets. One woman, for example, from Salle Rivoli, has learned to read at fifty, and now she is trying to learn to write. She has a good voice, and when she comes to the Ternes dispensary she will miss her turn to go into the doctor's room for the pleasure of standing up by the organ and singing. She, and others who had good voices,

were asked to come and help the singing in the Oratoire ; and great amusement was occasioned in many of the halls, by old snuff-taking women, who claimed to be prima-donnas, and petitioned for "choir tickets." Even old men, who are looked askance at in the salles, because they sing half a line behind the others, seemed to consider themselves qualified. Happily younger and fresher voices were not wanting, and their combined effect was most hearty and delightful. On the platform were Dr. McAll's fellow-workers and friends—himself being in the chair. French, English and Americans made common cause. Pastors Couve, Monod, Monnier, Loriaux, Décoppet, Greig, Saillens might be named, along with lay-helpers and evangelists of all denominational colors—Messrs. Réveillaud, Sautter, Stanton, Drs. Benham and Thurber.

M. Réveillaud and Dr. McAll having opened, the one by prayer, the other by a vote of welcome, M. Sautter followed, and gave us a picture gallery of the Mission. My readers will recognize his seven word-pictures at first sight, as we did.

SCENE 1ST—1871. A stranger gentlemen and lady stopping on the Belleville Boulevard to give tracts ; the unknown man, whom Mr. McAll calls his Man of Macedonia, stepping out from the crowd and saying, Come over and help us.

SCENE 2ND. The first meeting, of twenty-eight persons, Rue Julien la Croix, January 17, 1872.

SCENE 3RD. Pass over many years, and see the great Salle Rivoli, where Louise Michel has often declaimed, taken possession of for Christ.

SCENE 4TH. The Hall for Soldiers, Marseilles.

SCENE 5TH. The Children's Fête at the Trocadéro.

SCENE 6TH. The opening of the Missionary Church at Bercy.

SCENE 7TH. On board the Missionary Boat.

Pastor Couve, who is a most earnest helper of the Mission, then made a stirring appeal to French Christians to render it more particularly *their* work, and to contribute to its success by gifts, work and prayer. Mr. Monod took up the same note—urged those who had themselves received the Gospel—whether as old Protestants or as converts of the Mission, to *work*. “And,” he said, “you cannot work without giving up something. It is not for a day, or a week, or a fortnight that you must make the effort. It is not a case of being here, and there, and everywhere at the same time. You must persevere. If you choose the work, you must give up something for it. The nineteenth century has made many wonderful discoveries, but I have not yet heard that it has found a candle which can give light without being consumed, nor a coal which can give heat without burning away. Be willing to give, not only your labor, but yourselves.”

M. Lorriaux followed, and then M. Saillens. He had been ill, he said, at the gates of death, last winter; but God had raised him up again, and it seemed to him that never before had the spring been so joyous—the birds sang so sweetly—God’s love seemed so full—so many doors open for the Gospel. He hoped the day was at hand when France would begin to evangelize itself more than in the past.—*From the “McAll Mission Quarterly.”*

The Baron Ferdinand de Turckheim, the grandson of Lili Schönemann, to whom Goethe was at one time engaged, takes a great interest in the McAll Mission. In a recent letter he says, “The McAll Mission in Cannes is doing well under the excellent worker, Mr. Weber. Apart from the main hall there is another hall, formerly the Italian theatre, which is very popular; then in the village of Vallauris, near by, where there are 400 Italian workingmen, is another. These halls are full. The people like them.”

THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOLS
OF THE McALL MISSION.

REV. CHAS. E. GREIG.

Almost as soon as Mr. and Mrs. McAll opened their work for adults, they began also to teach the young. They were very soon helped by Madame Rouilly (since dead), an English lady, whose husband is now Secretary of our Committee of Direction, and by the one or two workers whom they had even then grouped round them. The instruction was desultory, and the special appliance *nil*.

About three years after the commencement of the work a young Scotchman, Mr. Maitland Heriot, conceived the idea of developing the work among the young as a special branch of French evangelization, and displayed much zeal, both in the formation of additional children's meetings, and in the gathering of special subscriptions in England and Scotland. He was ably seconded (among others) by Miss (now Mrs. T.) Matheson, and by a convert of the Mission named Hanne-man, whom Mr. Heriot appointed children's evangelist. It was under him also that Miss Beach began to take an interest in the schools. Though one or two schools were divided into classes, the instruction given resembled more nearly special services, such as those of Payson Hammond, than what would be communicated in a regularly organized Sunday-school. Meetings for young men and young women were also founded, but no share in the management of them was given to the young people themselves, and when Mr. Heriot left the Mission they nearly all disappeared. A transition period ensued, during which invaluable service was rendered by the original, but erratic, genius of Frederic Christol, now missionary in the Lessouto, who never failed to interest his audience, but could not master it. Before he left us I had begun the experiments in organization which have already,

under God's direction, borne good fruit, and which have proved conclusively that we possess among the converts of the Mission halls sufficient material to officer all our schools. Little by little the class system has been introduced almost everywhere, and along with it a more rigorous supervision of the school registers, reward cards, etc. Every Paris hall, except two in the centre of the city, where there is no fixed population, has its children's work, and almost every provincial hall has its school or schools also; and all this activity is reported at headquarters, and though not *controlled* (for we respect the authority of the schools) *regulated* in accordance with the general interests of the entire Mission.

*The Sunday-school, with its natural development of Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., is, on the one hand, the furnace in which the converts of the Mission are heated to red-hot enthusiasm for Christ, and, on the other hand, the one promising means of exercising a permanent influence on the inhabitants of the great French cities. We train up the children till they accept Christ, and then we do not let them go till they have done for the Master *all* that He has put in their power. There is here a mighty influence for the regeneration of France; less showy, doubtless, than the public *conférence* with its hundreds of applauding hearers, but all the more enduring in its results, because it is slow and silent in its methods. Only a very little has been yet done in this direction, but the contagion is spreading.

Thanks to Mr. B. F. Jacobs, of Chicago, we have now the Providence International Lesson Rolls and little pictures. He hopes to provide enough funds to give us hymn-books also. But not one school in fifty has got a library, nor is the primary school properly housed, nor have the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. the literature, the games, the working appliances, etc., that they need. You Americans cannot conceive how poor we are.

THE McALL MAY MEETING.

HELD IN EXETER HALL, LONDON.

Extracts from Addresses.

“There is an impression,” said Dr. McAll, “which is very prevalent in England, with regard to the French people. It is this: They say, “Alas! the French people are so light, so superficial, so frivolous, that you cannot make any lasting impression on them. . . . After living for eighteen and a half years in the very heart of the masses of the people of Paris, I can affirm that, scattered throughout these masses, and especially among the industrial classes, there are to be found a *very large number of persons, especially men, who are conscious of some void within*, which neither self-indulgence on the one hand, nor cold scepticism on the other, can ever fill.

“They may be described as *the waiting ones, the Lord’s hidden ones*, and it is to these especially we believe that we are sent as Christ’s messengers to teach them that knowledge without which they are perishing. We are continually coming in contact with Freethinkers. Now, my dear friends, know this, if you do not know it already, that a Freethinker very often means one who has broken away from Romanism, who has laid all superstition aside, and has not found anything better and purer and holier to fill the void.

I never could understand why I should have been chosen for such a work, of being in some sense one of the pioneers for my Lord Jesus across the twenty miles of shining sea. But I can say that, if I had ten lives to consecrate, I would gladly devote them all to the spread of the knowledge of Christ in that great country.”

Mr. Monod, who is always humorous and always serious at the same time, said: “I will just tell you the trouble Mr. McAll had with us pastors, when he first proposed coming amongst us. He came to one pastor and another to explain

what he wanted to do. He wanted, he said, to hire a shop. 'Ah! yes.' 'Well, a little shop, and to put a few pictures in it.' 'Yes. Well, and what next?' 'Well, just a little furniture, a few chairs and a table, so that we can use the room for meetings. We will send a few ladies out to distribute papers inviting the people in to hear the Gospel.' 'Oh, yes, we will do all we can for him and see what comes of it, but we know it can only end in disappointment, which is an excellent cure. They say it makes people strong.' Yes, it made *him* strong. We thought him one of those extraordinary Englishmen who have strange notions, and if we let him have his way he would soon find out his mistake! Instead of the predicted failure, his success has been so great, and his system has become so well known, that other meetings on the same plan have actually taken his name, and are spoken of as McAll Meetings. Why, we shall expect to find the word in the next dictionary!"

Dr. Pierson:—"This is the most economical Mission I know on the face of the earth. Nineteen thousand sittings in 1889, placed at the disposal of the working-people of France, and filled night after night, and what is the cost? About £19,000; a pound for each sitting for 365 days; that is to say, about two-thirds of a penny a day to every sitting. And this takes in hymn-books, laborers, Gospel messages, children's meetings, Bible classes, mothers' meetings, inquiry meetings, and the whole machinery of this vast work. Now, if you can show me any work conducted on this basis as absolutely economical as that, with so little friction, so little hindrance, and so much success—Moravian Missions alone excepted—I am ready to be convinced of it, but at present I know of no more remarkable example of economical investment."—*The McAll Mission Quarterly*.

(The following Resolutions were omitted by mistake in the report of the annual meeting as published in the July RECORD.)

Resolved, That the officers and delegates of the American McAll Association extend cordial thanks and appreciation to the ladies of the Boston Auxiliary, in whose homes we have received Christian courtesy and welcome, for the use of the beautiful Old South Church, sanctified by so many precious memories, for every gift of song, for floral decorations, for bountiful collations to refresh the body, for loving fellowship for the mind and spirit, for the able and soul-stirring addresses at the evening meeting,—all of which have been extended to us in Christ's name, and for His cause.

Resolved, Inasmuch as the Lord hath said, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me," and so, in the greatness of His love for her, He has taken to Himself His beloved child, Laura Sunderland, one of the founders of the American McAll Association, a contributor to its literature, tireless in her devotion to its ends, joyful in her self-sacrifice, sympathetic, gracious and tender in her Christian fellowship; that, while such losses make death "the king of terrors" to us who miss her from our work and our friendship, we bow submissively and reverently to His will, who has wiped away all tears from her eyes, and crowned her with glory and honor, and immortality—and we pray that her mantle may fall upon the young women of America.

There are twenty-two Sunday-schools and thirty-three weekly children's meetings in Paris. The aggregate attendance in 1889 was 114,879. The aggregate attendance in other cities and towns of France was 120,013, making a total juvenile attendance of 234,892 at the schools of the McAll Mission.

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